

Ecliptism: The Action in Truth

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What moves through time, yet sleeps on past. It is alive but also not. Expressing its words that define its meaning to those who listen. To create something that changes at its expedition.

All is different in aspects and perspective. Nothing is truly nothing, and if there is, it wouldn't stay. It doesn't matter if you answer my question—either you have one or not. You can choose to answer it. My answer is Story.

A Story can move centuries till end, yet it stays in the culture of the past. It's alive by its feelings and expresses it by words that define itself by the reader. To create something from fiction that changes through time—now it could be comedic, but the future could call it dark.

As time goes by, so do our morals. A story about slavery seems immoral to us, but in the past, it could just be simply a rebel's work. We could yet couldn't change stories that are absurd. Yet we embrace that absurdity as it is beautiful in its message.

Chapter 1: Impermanence of Permanence

In the days come by, a Man stood alone in his home. It was his village since birth, yet... he doesn't feel at ease.

He strolls around, never worked, barely socialized, and is supported financially by his brother.

Then he decided to be an art dealer, to at least support himself. That's how the Man discovered painting.

He went home excited with a fresh new canvas and paint. He practiced endlessly, thinking painting would save his life.

Obsessed with color and light, he immersed himself in it, yet no one saw value in his work.

He went to the capital to pursue his dream. He painted with his vision, he painted with ambition, he painted and he painted.

But it doesn't last.

His mind begins to slip. He isolates himself further. He's institutionalized—paints inside the asylum, haunted by his mind and vision.

Still, he creates masterpiece after masterpiece, yet again no one sees value.

And when they did, it was already too late. He didn't see it at the time when he needed it most, as his paintings were sold for millions.

That's a story worth hearing, but a story unheard of.

We often chase the permanence of life—the goal that we tend to oversee and hope for—the life that we wanted, chased, and wished to reveal for us, as we choose to break the cycle and hope for the best.

Choose—funny word. We all make choices, good or bad. The thing that defines our lives and what others expect from us to do. We can break options and create new ones because, in the end, it's still our choice. Even if it doesn't seem like you do it, it's your choice. No one should judge you by your choice, like how the painter continued to paint masterpiece after masterpiece because he chose his life as a painting—something he ambioned to draw the path of his life through art itself.

No one forced the painter to paint till he died. Because even in his saddest and broken moments, he still believed that painting is the way.

And that's okay. It's a choice he wanted to commit to in his life. Surrender, Fight, Rebel, Embrace, or anything—it's a choice we must make. Even not doing anything is a choice.

And every choice is okay, as long as you are aware of doing it—think before you act.

You can take your time, and you should. Choosing to do something will use time, and time is something that is hard to return.

In the end, we choose to live. Even if it will never stay,
we choose to do it. As nothing is permanent in life,
everything will soon disappear. And that's okay. So
breathe, inhale and exhale, as we embrace the
Impermanence of Permanence.

Chapter 2: Permanence of Impermanence

The children slept—tucked by their parents. The Eldest Daughter woke up in the middle of the night to see a young boy in an olive tunic sitting on the window.

She wondered who he is and talked to him—a promise of where they can enjoy youth forever. She was exhilarated to hear his story that she wanted her younger brothers to join her.

Tightly held hands and flew in the air with the olive boy leading them. Gracefully dancing in the air as they reached their destination.

A beautiful fairy spotted them; her reaction was not welcoming. She ran towards the youthful scouts sleeping in the tree to call them.

She ordered the sleeping scouts to shoot the little bird she thought their captain wanted gone. But before the incident happened, she was stopped by the olive boy correcting that he didn't give such orders.

He proceeds to introduce the newly welcomed that he brought to the land of youth. But a chant came across the sea—it was loud, threatening, and it felt violent.

The Pirates reached the sands and raided the place. The Olive Boy told them to wait here as he would deal with the Pirates.

Swords clashed—a fight emerged. But due to the numbers, the youthful scouts and the newly welcomed

were kidnapped and brought to the ship. The Pirates teased them to walk on the plank as they laughed and drank.

But in the end, they were stopped by the Olive Boy as he conquered the ship with the help of the Fairy. The Captain of the ship fell but saved himself using the hook that became his hand as the crocodile who ticks and tocks stalked his fall.

The youthful scouts and the newly welcomed are now hands-free, though the newly welcomed didn't feel like this place was for them and asked to be returned home. Luckily, they managed to return home and slept the night after a chaotic event.

Change—the eternal truth that will never disappear, as everything will change. That's the essence of The Permanence of Impermanence.

The Olive Boy ran away from Impermanence, while the Pirates accepted Impermanence—especially the Captain who faces time every day.

There's a saying: "To live life to the fullest," yet it tends to be easier said than done. To live to the fullest, we often must live in the cruelest of times.

We cannot outrun change, no matter what is promised, so we must expect it every day—that something will change for the good or the bad.

But don't be broken by constant change—it's scary, yes,
yet warm in its hug.

To tell us that nothing is permanent in our saddest time,
and it will pass on no matter how long it takes, even if
it's in the end.

Chapter 3: Choice

It's a constant action we do—even stillness is an act of choice.

In a village on top of rolling hills comes a boy who dreamed to wield a sword with honor. The beauty of the knight in shining armor and stories among the books that glamorize this path excites him.

Each day he trained—muscles ached, yet his heart was set on fire. The burning ambition to drive himself forward on the path of knighthood, so he could finally gallop proudly on a horse rushing into the field like a hero.

When the weapon soon reached his hands, he noticed a change—a change he wished to hear before. Although he pursued further despite this change.

The weight of the blade was heavier than he imagined. It carried expectations—the weight of the villagers, his teachers, the young, and the stories he had admired when he was a boy. Each swing, each step, each parry in battle carried echoes of responsibility.

He fought because he had chosen to. He knew the sword meant life and death, protection and destruction, courage and fear. He accepted that no one could fight his battles for him. Every act was his, every consequence a shadow cast by his hand.

In the first skirmishes, he learned that honor was not a banner waving in the wind. It was a quiet thing.

Sometimes it was lost in the cries of the fallen.
Sometimes it was buried in the orders of men who called themselves leaders. He did not stop. He chose to continue.

One day, in a battle he could barely remember the reason for, he faced a soldier who lowered his sword suddenly, surrendering completely. The young knight's heart thudded in confusion and pain. His commanders barked their order: strike. The law demanded it. Duty demanded it. Tradition demanded it. What would he do?

And yet... he paused. He could hear the voice of his own choice whispering. He could see the weight of his awareness pressing upon him.

For the first time, he realized that freedom was not in obedience, nor in the absence of action, but in the conscious embrace of responsibility.

He chose mercy. He lowered his sword. He let the surrendering soldier walk away. And he understood, in that choice, the vastness of human life, the fragility of honor, and the strength of conscious decision.

A poet would sing in reflection, but it doesn't have to come in rhymes. I could tell the story of this knight in a song, but I said it in mistake.

Too many grammatical errors, yet I allow it to stay because I choose to. I'll bear the responsibility of my action because I'm aware of what it will cost me—like

how the young knight chose when to follow duty because he knows it's responsibility.

The act of choosing is truly marvelous—as simple as doing anything or nothing is even a choice itself. But it's better to know the consequence and responsibility before you choose.

As time will move, so will morality, and it will change how we choose—but it shouldn't remove options unless we remove that option. Either because it's immoral, unnecessary, or unwanted—in the end, it's still our choosing to do it.

Thus, we shall remove its illusion and think ahead. Even if you feel pessimistic, you can still choose to do great good and be kind, even if it contradicts your feelings. Even if you don't agree with someone's belief, you can still choose to respect it or even follow some of its teachings, because it's your choice to learn from it.

No one should judge others for what they think, as we all have our own opinions and choices. It could be the same but different, or different but same. As we all know—it's our choice, whatever the responsibility or consequence that will happen by making that choice, good or bad.

Chapter 4: The Harsh Truths

A Hare and a Turtle fought one time. It's something that touched both of them personally—yet unknown by the crowd nearby.

To end the fight, they settled it in a race.

They readied,

Set,

Then ran.

The Hare, confident, took several rests and naps due to the fact he kept outrunning the Turtle.

The Turtle was left behind, yet still running and running, as if he did not want to give up.

In the end, the Hare overslept. He underestimated the Turtle as he reached the finish line.

The crowd cheered for the Turtle's win as they knew this was a big victory for him.

Yet he didn't feel it. The joy of victory faded away as if it was never there to begin with. He won—but at what cost? The cost of underestimation, pity, or was it because it wasn't a fair fight?

The Hare understood the weight of his mistake. He stood at the finish line as he watched the Turtle get raised by the people. He didn't know what he should feel—but what he learned from this mistake would

forever change how he would act again, for good or for bad.

Cheers still came from the crowd's mouths. They now believed that the impossible could be reached, and they chose to tell this fable to their children to teach something—morality, regrets, mistakes. But no one knew what the two opponents felt at that time.

The Harsh Truth never came to the crowd, as they knew nothing of it beyond something they watched, but never understood the inside of why they fought.

So the Harsh Truth came to the two: the Turtle and the Hare. They now knew what it meant, what they fought for, and what they would do next.

We often wonder how we will face the truth. Sometimes those truths aren't spoken in words—we even unconsciously feel it: that what happened doesn't feel right, that it doesn't feel good.

No matter what the crowd says, they won't know the real truth as they haven't experienced it. The burden of choice, the feeling of involvement, the question of what happens now.

We don't know what happened to the Hare and the Turtle right after the race, because we aren't them, and they aren't us. We can truly know the true meaning by ourselves—but not alone. As often, awareness will come from others we speak to.

Change. What changed after the race?

Chapter 5: The Now

A bakery was recently opened in a bustling town, owned by a runaway young boy. He baked his stories in the oven and served them fresh to the customers—it was delightful and warm in its taste.

But something lingered in the young Baker's head—the story he never kneaded into his dough, as he kept his story a secret from most.

One day, his father came to the shop. The father wanted him back in the small town, yet the young Baker refused. It was his choice to stay, even if it felt painful and lonely to do so.

As the father left—the moon had risen. The young Baker went to a bar for a drink. To remove the problems in his head, he created his own problems. He accepted it, despite the illness it would bring.

He told a stranger at the bar that his father wanted him to be a soldier—someone with dignity, discipline, honor, ideals. The young Baker never wanted to be one. He knew it was great to have those traits, and yet he did not want them.

A choice he chose to stay. Maybe it wasn't because he wanted to bake; maybe it was because he wanted to live.

Whatever he did, he tried to live in the now and forget the past, even if his method seemed unconventional. He never worried what would happen to the shop, as he excitedly baked more bread for the community.

Never caring, as he just baked. In the end, after the young Baker's early death due to alcohol, he smiled—never regretting his decision to drink, even joking he would drink before he died. A last toast of his will.

It's great to see the youth enjoy their life to the fullest. It feels embracing that, despite hardship, they choose to smile and enjoy it more.

Not caring for the world, not caring what others say—even if not caring for his health—he chose to do it. He knew the consequence he would face, and in that time, he felt free.

No one had to follow how he lived, like how he didn't follow how his father wanted him to live. It's sad that the young Baker died, yet it's endearing to see the fire in that youth.

Did he truly use alcohol to escape? We may never know. All we can do is try to understand—for they think not like us, and we not like them.

For how beautifully he embraced the wind despite hurt, or how he continued to work despite illness—he lived, laughed, and died.

Did he find meaning? We don't know. Only he can. But the past is past. And so—what will we do today?

Not what we will be in the future, not what we became in the past, but today—what choice will you embody today?

Chapter 6: A Paradox

Awareness is a hard thing to ask for, as it requires self-clarity:

The Burden.

The Humility.

The Perspective.

A contradiction in a story without meaning. A poem without words. And a silence of a mic.

We know things, yet we believe we don't. The moment in time we choose to change could be too late or too early for it to be useful. Yet, in that cause, do you really see change as useful?

A constant truth is that change will happen—yet change may happen at times when we are gone.

Like how an abusive father can become so gentle to children after his own child's death.

We never know when it will change, but we know it will. Even if it means that in our life nothing changed, change will come after your life—or the next.

Emotion is something we can't control and only hope will change if it doesn't seem fitting for us. There will be a time when you will be insecure about yourself. That is okay. We all hate something about ourselves one way or another.

So breathe. We can breathe today, and that is good. We can hope, but it cannot promise—then we should be aware of that.

Awareness in Burden

To see yourself clearly—first you must know what it will cost.

The burden that you'll know everything you do, the problems it will bring, and the consequences it will attract.

Self-blame may occur in that burden. Insecurity will be stronger. The pain will be heavier because you know its cause and truth.

To see is to feel—to experience the pain and embrace it as something uncontrollable, but something worth fighting for or against.

Awareness in Humility

In need of humility, you become more aware of yourself—by knowing you aren't always right.

But humility may also make you doubt yourself, and that doubt can turn into fear of your own judgment.

Learn to balance pride and humility, for both are eyes of awareness:

Pride that you trust your own seeing.

Humility that you may not see everything.

True awareness lives in that balance—the courage to trust what you perceive, and the grace to admit you could still be wrong.

Awareness in Perspective

Awareness not only comes from self—it also comes from others.

Others may not know your perspective and truth, and you should be aware of that.

You may also not know the perspective of others, and in that, you should be aware too.

To see their perspective, you must read the room, you must know the other, you must read him. It's okay to ask what the other feels to gain more perspective from their side—yet oftentimes, they won't speak the truth due to judgment.

If done right, you would be able to tell how others perceive you—and note that many times their perspective can change, yet it's foundational on first impression.

For all we know is what they feel around us. Do they feel safe with us when they are vulnerable? That is a great sign.

Though it's not your job to be one, unless it is your choice to do so.